The Evening World.

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FOR WHOM AND WHAT?

THE lawmakers of the State have slunk away home after a final miserable exhibition of weakness and futility.

They have defrauded the public of the benefits of a Police bill, an Election Reform bill, a Five-Cent Telephone Rate bill. They have refused funds to investigate rottenness in the conduct of the people's business. They couldn't even scrape together enough self-respect to pass an appropriation bill to pay the State's regular expenses.

The Governor of New York has amazed and disappointed decent voters by dumping upon the State a sordid bunch of appointees who, from Packy McCabe up, are in the main a collection of bosses, sub-bosses and machine servers that must make Tammany snicker anew at thoughts of "reform."

What the public would like to know is whether the interest and honor of the State and of the people who live in it and pay its taxes are mentioned at Albany. Upon what occasions do the legislators and the Chief Executive put the public before the political bosses and the "game"?

Whom and what does representative government in this State conceive itself to represent?

A Tannen-baum has no real roots.

HOME RULE FOR THE EAST SIDE.

THE east side asks for more voice in the management of its own affairs. It points out that it is now "represented" in various branches of the Government by a Congressman who lives in Riverside Drive, a State Senator whose address is Sixty-eighth street, an Assemblyman whose home is in Brooklyn and an Alderman who hails from Harlem.

The University Settlement, the Educational Alliance and other organizations that work in the east side and are themselves an integral part of the east side, believe that they should be consulted when pool-room and dance hall licenses are to be granted or deputy sheriffs are to be appointed in that district. The east side thinks it ought to know better than anybody else the qualifications and records of those who apply for licenses. Before it began to insist upon a better standard of appointments it got special deputy sheriffs who were little better than cadets and gangsters.

"The east side wants only its rights," declares Secretary Goldstein of the University Settlement. "But the trouble has been in the past that it has been given its rights as favors."

It is high time to lay aside the old notion that the east side is a hopelessly poverty-stricken district to be pitied, patronized and managed for its own good. The last figures show not only that the city's centre of poverty is no longer in the lower east side, but also that the amount of destitution and dependency in that section steadily decreases.

Why shouldn't the east side be treated as a self-respecting part of the community capable of discussing and deciding matters that affect its own needs?

Still taking Torreon.

FINE ENGLISH MADE FINER.

DR. CHARLES W. ELIOT, President emeritus of Harvard, has long been a master of simple, vigorous English. Yet who will say that President Wilson has not bettered Dr. Eliot's carefully prepared inscriptions for the city Post-Office at Washington?

Dr. Eliot's inscription for the east pavilion read:

> Carrier of news and knowledge,
> Instrument of trade and commerce,
> Promoter of mutual acquaintance
> Among men and nations and hence of
> peace and good will.

Revised by President Wilson it becomes:

> Carrier of news and knowledge,
> Instrument of trade and commerce,
> Promoter of mutual acquaintance,
> Of peace and good will
> Among men and nations.

Besides gaining in rhythm, the President's version is final, therefore more impressive. "Hence" suggests plea or argument. An inscription should carry the effect of finality, not demonstration.

Dr. Eliot wrote for the west pavilion:

> Carrier of love and sympathy,
> Messenger of friendship,
> Consoler of the lonely,
> Bond of the scattered family,
> Enlarger of the public life.

President Wilson revised it:

> Messenger of sympathy and love,
> Servant of parted friends,
> Consoler of the lonely,
> Bond of the scattered family,
> Enlarger of the common life.

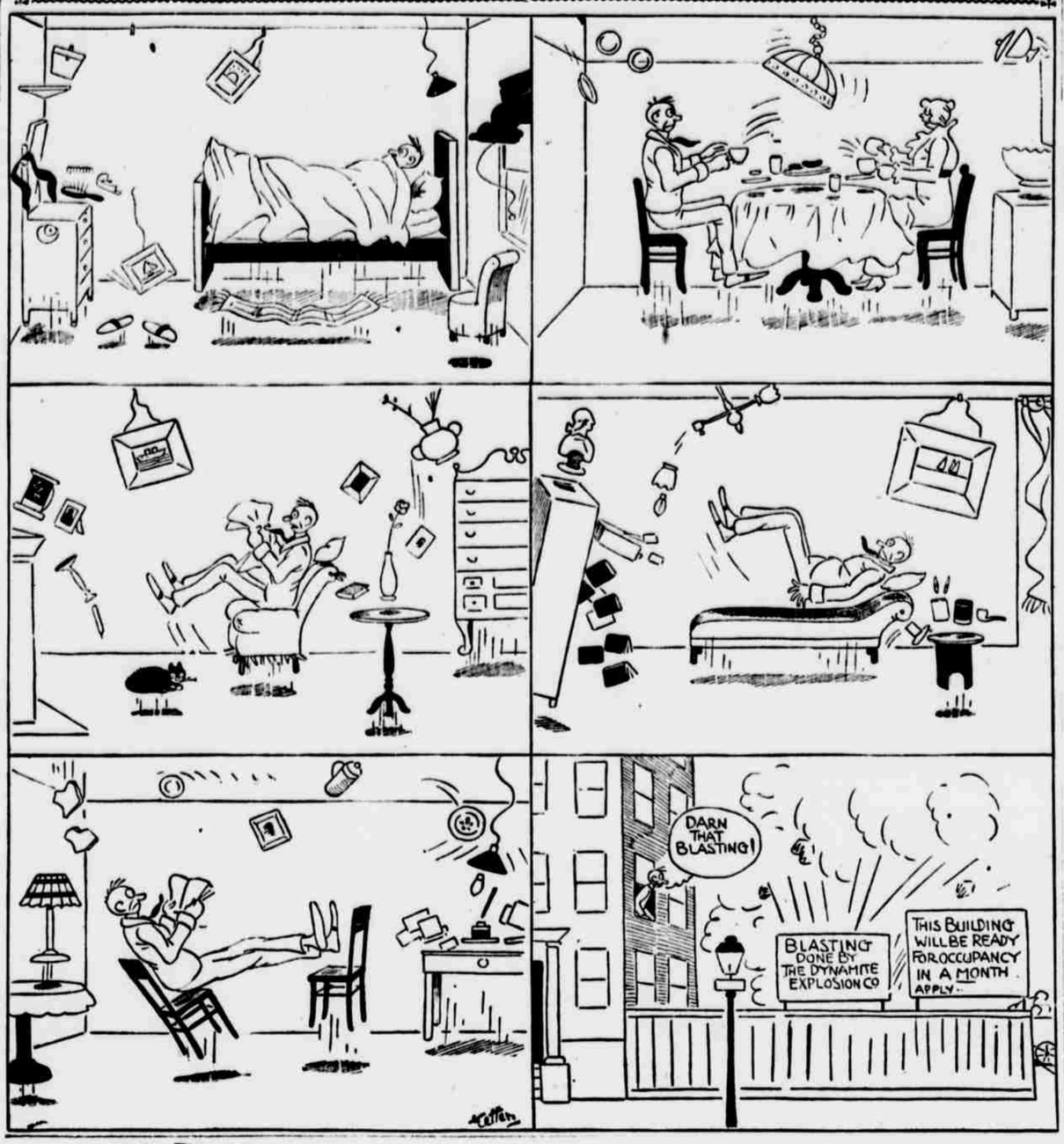
"Messenger" is better than "carrier" because "messenger" implies also the kindly impulse and act of a sender. Moreover it avoids the recurrence of "carrier," which is the first word on the east pavilion. "Messenger of friendship" is general and abstract; "Servant of parted friends" becomes at once touchingly direct and concrete. "Common" life is better than "public" life because "common" covers human fellowship more broadly, more sympathetically. Not to mention niceties of sound.

An interesting lesson in English by eminent experts—which proves, among other things, that even where the best of heads are employed, two are better than one.

New York Rivers Threaten Floods Up-State.—Headline.
The snow doesn't depend on this city for all its fun.

The Day of Rest

By Maurice Ketten



REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR GIRL.

By HELEN ROWLAND.

LOVE-MAKING is like cooking, painting, or music; a man may know all the rules by heart, but unless he was born with the gift, and has the inspiration for acquiring the finer points, he never will become an expert.

Alas, what a sad life is man's! No sooner does his mother stop following him around with a hot-water bag, a pair of rubbers and a bottle of cough syrup, than his wife begins!

When two people get a divorce, it isn't a sign that they don't "understand" one another, but a sign that they have at least begun to.

Divorce Isn't a Sign They Don't Understand Each Other, but That They've Begun To

At this season of the year, the mere mention of "rice" will give a bachelor cold shivers, and a sudden rush of judgment to the head will make him stop right in the middle of a proposal, and begin to talk chattily about the weather.

Clothes may not make the man, but they sometimes make a good enough imitation of one to fool a sensible girl into marrying him.

Simply because a girl smiles and "looks pleasant" every time you call, is no sign that she has serious designs upon you; wait until she tries to manicure your nails, and begins sprinkling your coat with violet extract, to mark you for her own.

So fertile is a man's vanity, that if a girl gives him one grain of hope, he can raise a whole crop of dreams and illusions from it.

When a girl marries, she merely exchanges one set of worries for another; but somehow, she always seems to consider the transaction worth the extra trouble.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

Busy men always leave the pastime of knocking the town to loafers and ne'er-do-wells.

* * *

Half the world may not know how the other half lives; but if so, it is not because of a lack of curiosity.

* * *

Now and then one runs across a man who seems to think history would have been far more interesting had he lived about a hundred and fifty years ago.—Toledo Blade.

* * *

Every self-made man needs a wife to put on the finishing touches.

* * *

A philosopher is a man who advises people to do things he wouldn't do himself.

* * *

When it comes to handing out advice there are lots of cheerful givers.—Toledo Blade.

* * *

Some people wait until it gets cloudy to save up for a rainy day.—Macon Telegraph.

* * *

It doesn't take long to convince most people that they are either geniuses or martyrs.

* * *

Bad and boring as it is, it is better to talk about one's self than about one's neighbor.

* * *

It is no use to aim high if you are not a good judge of distance.—Deseret News.

* * *

Some chaps are so pessimistic that whenever they manage to push their heads out of a snowbank they immediately begin to think of dust.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

* * *

In some cases the only cure for speed mania is a long ride in a wheel-chair.—Toledo Blade.

* * *

The woman who marries a man to reform him has her hands full at the start and her heart full at the finish.

* * *

The road to happiness is over hills and dales and he who travels it never finds it wearisome or too long.—Deseret News.

Some Historic Word Pictures

Examples of Descriptive Power by Great Authors.

NO. 20.—THE DEATH OF AGRIPPINA.—By Tacitus.

NERO, who was waiting for the news of the completion of his crime, received intelligence that his mother, Agrippina, had escaped the first attempt upon her life with no further injury than a slight blow; she had just been in danger enough to leave no doubt in her mind who had planned it.

Half dead with terror and crying out that his mother might be expected every moment to wreak revenge, that she would either arm her slaves or influence the soldiers or make her way to the Senate and people and urge against him the wreck of the vessel, her wound and the death of her friends—what protection had he against her if Seneca and Burrus could not devise something? And he immediately sent for them.

Both were silent for some time, either because they thought it useless to attempt to dissuade Nero, or because they believed that things must come to that pass that Nero must perish if Agrippina was not removed out of the way. Seneca at last so far took the lead as to look to Burrus and ask whether the soldiers should receive orders to kill Agrippina.

Burrus replied that the Praetorians were devoted to all the family of the Caesars, that they cherished the memory of Germanicus and they would not venture on any extreme measures against his children. Anicetus, who hated Agrippina, should, he said, perform his promise. Without any hesitation Anicetus asked to be allowed to complete his crime. Upon hearing these words Nero declared that in that day the empire was really conferred on him; and to a freedman (Anicetus) he owed the gift.

He bade him go quick and take with him the readiest men to execute his demands.

Anicetus posted men about Agrippina's villa, and, bursting open the door, he seized the slaves whom he met before he reached the door of her chamber. A few slaves were standing there. The rest had been frightened away by the soldiers breaking in. In the chamber there was a feeble light and a single female slave.

Agrippina was growing more and more uneasy that no messenger came from her son, and that even Angerinus did not return. The face of the shore was now changed; there were solitude and sudden noises and the indications of some extreme calamity. As her slave was going away, Agrippina cried out:

"Do you, too, leave me?"

And seeing Anicetus, accompanied by Herculeus, a captain of a trireme, and Oliviatus, a centurion in the fleet, she said:

"If you have come to see me, you must tell Nero that I am recovered; if you have come to commit a crime I will not believe that my son is privy to it. He would not connive at the murder of his mother."

The assassins surrounded the bed, and the commander of the trireme was the first to strike her on the head with a club. She was despatched with many wounds.

She was burned the same night in a banqueting couch and with the meanest ceremonial, nor, so long as Nero was in possession of power, was the earth piled up or covered over her.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

A Marrying Wage.

HOW much money should a young man be making before he marries?

I do not think that this question can be answered categorically, in a way that will settle every case. Circumstances make so much difference. But it may be said that no young man should decide upon marriage before going over his weekly or monthly income and deciding whether it is sufficient to support himself and his bride according to their definitions of comfort. Love in a cottage may be delightful, but it's wise to ascertain whether you can pay the rent on even a cottage. It isn't necessary to defer marriage until wealth has been acquired, but a young man has no right to become the founder of a family unless he feels reasonably sure that he and not the community will support it.

"P. C." writes: "Two young men want to marry me. The one I love is the poorer of the two, and my father advises me to marry my wealthy suitor. Which shall I choose?

You will not find happiness unless you marry the man you love.

"M. D." writes: "If a young man is engaged and meets another young lady whom he loves better than his fiancee, what course do you advise him to pursue?"

He should go to his fiancee and ask to be released from his engagement, telling her the circumstances, if necessary.

Little Causes Of Big Wars

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 66.—A Tax-Quarrel That Led to an Austrian War.

THE story of William Tell described one war whereby Switzerland broke free for a time from the bonds of Austria—the "bully of Europe." But after that war, little by little, Austria resumed her grip on Switzerland. Austria was rich, populous, powerful; with a mighty standing army. Switzerland was poor, numerically weak, and largely made up of farmers and mountaineers. It was a bitterly unequal struggle.

Having conquered Switzerland, her foe heaped heavy taxes on the stricken nation. The men of Luzern resented one set of these taxes. A squabble followed. The Luzern men, failing to get justice, seized the custom house at Rothenburg; and the revenue that went with it.

Austria threatened to destroy the handful of men who had done this. The Luzern malcontents sent back a defiant answer—a mouse challenging a bulldog—and tried to enlist other cantons (counties) of Switzerland in a revolt against Austria. Some of the cantons joined Luzern. Others did not. But the results of the petty tax-quarrel were beginning to bulk large.

Archduke Leopold III. of Austria learned of the little revolt and decided to crush it at a single blow. With an army of 6,000 strong he invaded the canton of Luzern. The rebels, at most, could raise barely 1,400 men to meet the attack; and most of these were peasants untrained to war and ill-armed.

A Fight at Long Odds.

Yet on July 9, 1386, the tiny Swiss force arrayed itself as best it could at the mountain village of Sempach, near the town of Lucerne, and prepared to block the Austrians' advance.

The Austrian vanguard was armed with long spears. And against this thickset hedge of spears the Swiss hurled themselves. Most of them had no shields; but merely carried boards strapped to their left arms. The spears riddled these boards and pierced through the peasants' bodies.

Again and again the handful of mountaineers charged. Always they were met by that hedge of spears which they could not break through, and which slew them by the score. The battle was practically lost to the Swiss. But one man among them did not know it.

That man was Arnold von Winkelried, a knight of the Unterwalden.

At the next charge von Winkelried dashed to the attack ahead of his fellow countrymen. Throwing himself bodily upon the spears he gathered in his outflung arms as many of these sharp points as he could reach, drawing a great sheaf of them to his breast, and shouting:

"Make way for liberty!"

He fell, transfixed on twenty spear points. But through the gap to either side of him—a gap made by his gathering the spears to his own body—poured the Swiss. Wide they tore the gaps thus made, and they burst through. The impenetrable hedge of spears was rendered useless. The Swiss—hacking, stabbing, slashing—tore into the very heart of the Austrian army.

"Make Way for Liberty!"

The day was terribly hot and most of the Austrians, relying on the spear-hedge to protect them, had laid aside their armor. Into this unprepared throng charged the Swiss. The rest was slaughter.

Six hundred Austrian nobles and two thousand Austrian soldiers were slain that day, the Archduke Leopold being among the first to fall. Thrashed, all but annihilated, their Archduke dead—the Austrian army fled in mad panic, routed by 1,400 ill-armed Swiss peasants.

At news of the wondrous victory other cantons rose in revolt. Victory followed victory. In a short time Austria was suing for peace—on any terms the Swiss might care to demand.

Domestic Dialogues

By Alma Woodward.

The Shattered Romance.

Scene: Bing's flat at 6.30 P. M. (Mr. B., reclining in a Morris chair, has taken out his watch for the third time, when suddenly the door bursts open and Mrs. B., breathless and excited, rushes in.)

MRS. B. (coldly)—I'VE been home for twenty minutes, and the subway wasn't blocked, either!

Mrs. B. (nervously)—But listen, George. I want to tell you something. I was followed.

Mr. B. (coolly)—Oh, I guess you just imagined it.

Mrs. B. (indignantly)—I did not imagine it! He followed me 'way up from Thirty-fourth street, right up to this very house. Why, even now I think he's downstairs in the hall asking the elevator boy about me.

Mr. B. (jumping up)—What!

Mrs. B. (reminiscently)—And he's so handsome! A regular Apollo, with chiselled features and golden hair—and such clothes! Slick!

Mr. B. (whooping)—Oh, he is, is he? You were terribly perturbed at his following you, but you had time to notice his chiselled features. Show him to me! I'll chisel his features so darned fine that he'll have to use a vacuum cleaner to gather up the pieces!

Mrs. B. (jumping forward in supplication)—Oh, George, don't do anything sudden. I'll go with you. (Nervously) It's a good thing the Sullivan law was passed, isn't it, George?

(As the Bing apartment is on the second floor, Mr. B. dashes down the stairs, instead of summoning the elevator. Mrs. B. trails along, hanging on to his coat-tails.)

Mrs. B. (in hoarse whisper—There he is! See? What did I tell you?

Mr. B. (gasping)—Bill Smith! A married man!

(The elevator boy and the handsome stranger, bearing mysterious, dramatic sounds from the hallway, turn around.)

Mr. S. (pleasantly)—We just moved into this joint to-day. Had to economize on rent. By the way, this is Mrs. Bing, is it not?

Mr. B. (almost black in the face)—It is, sir!

Mr. S. (smiling)—Well, she's taken my self-esteem down a peg or two. I met her down at your office about six weeks ago, and to-night I came all the way up in the car with her and she didn't even recognize me.

Mrs. B. (dimpling and blushing)—Oh, I'm sure I would have remembered you if I'd ever met you. The man I met at George's office that day had a cute little mustache, the dearest thing.

Mr. S. (thinking back)—That's right. That was before I had shaved off my mustache.

(Mr. Smith and Mrs. Bing become terribly amused and interested in each other.)

Mr. B. (not cordially)—Well, I guess your wife'll be looking for you for dinner in the new flat, Bill.

(The three go up in the elevator.)

Mr. B. (as soon as they get inside)—Do you call that mutt handsome?

Mrs. B. (thoughtfully)—Oh, very. And, just think, he wasn't following me at all!

Mr. B. (snapping viciously)—Say, you're disappointed, aren't you? A minute ago you wanted me to shoot him because he was, and now you're ready to shoot me because he wasn't.

Mrs. B. (rushing from the room)—Oh, for goodness sake, stop talking!

The May Manton Fashions

Pattern No. 8224—Fancy Blouse, 34 to 42 Bust.

SUCH simple full blouses as this one are to be much worn this season, and they are made from crepe de chine, chiffon and net to be dressy and dainty and they are made from plainer and simpler materials for every day use. There is no fitting, since all the fashionable garments are loose, and there are only under-arm seams. The sleeves can be joined with a plain seam or beneath a tuck, or the joining can be made an excuse for a little trimming or banding. They can be extended to the wrists and finished with frills or cut off at the elbows and finished with cuffs.

For the medium size the blouse will require three yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 36, 1¾ yards 44 inches wide, with ⅜ yard of ruffling.

Pattern No. 8224 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure.

How to Obtain These Patterns.

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, Donald Building, 100 West Thirty-second street (opposite Gimbel Bros.), corner Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street, New York, or sent by mail on receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.